

## LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES.

Written for THE SUNDAY HERALD.

Let by-gones be by-gones. If by-gones were  
clouded,  
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,  
O, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;  
'Tis wisest and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones, and good be ex-  
tracted  
From all over which it is folly to fret;  
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—  
The kindest are those who forgive and for-  
get.

Let by-gones be by-gones. O, cherish no  
longer  
The thought that the sun of affection has set;  
Believers for a moment its rays will be stronger  
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones. Your heart will be  
lighter  
When kindness of yours with reception has  
met;  
The flame of your love will be purer and  
brighter  
If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones. O, purge out the  
leaven  
Of malice, and try an example to set  
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven,  
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones. Remember how  
deeply  
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt.  
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply  
Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and for-  
get."

S. W. MAIDUX, SR.

## Lady Killarney's Husband.

London Society.

It was a fine afternoon in the beginning of  
July when Mr. Thomas Sidecup, strolling  
along Piccadilly, saw coming toward him a  
short way off his old friend and crony, Lord  
Killarney. The Earl's clothes hung upon him  
loosely; his hat was placed rather far back on  
his head; he had a dejected and neglected air,  
as if he cared little now what happened to him.

"Hullo, Killarney, you don't seem particu-  
larly bright to-day," exclaimed Tom, as he  
shook hands with his friend.

"Yes—eh? No. Well, I dare say not," re-  
sponded the Earl, twisting his long gray  
mustache as he spoke.

"Anything happened?"

"Yes; something has happened," said his  
lordship with a sickly smile.

"Somebody threatening to make you a bank-  
rupt?"

"Not exactly. They know it would be of  
no use. Any little rent that comes in goes  
into the pockets of the lawyers and the mort-  
gagees."

"What is it then?"

"I'm going to be married."

Tom did not know whether congratulations  
or condolences would be more suitable, so he  
merely exclaimed:

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. You see I have racing debts as well,  
and they had to be met. There was no way  
out of it."

"The lady has money, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Plenty. Mrs. Poole is a widow.  
Her husband's firm was Jacobs & Poole, the  
bankers. She has a fine place in Yorkshire  
and a house in town."

"Then you're in luck, old fellow, and I con-  
gratulate you," said Thomas Sidecup heartily.  
"You'll find you'll shake down together after  
a bit. Half a year you'll do the magnate  
down in Yorkshire; and we shall have some  
capital shooting. Then for the season you  
will be in London. What more can you de-  
sire?"

The Earl was not unwilling to be encour-  
aged in his desperate enterprise, yet a fore-  
boding filled his heart, as, bidding his friend  
good-day, he walked away, meditating on the  
face and form, the carriage and deportment  
of Mrs. Joseph Poole.

The wedding took place before the end of  
the season, and it was not until March that  
the Earl and his Countess came back to town.  
One day in April Sidecup met him in the Hay-  
market.

"How well you are looking!" was Tom's  
greeting.

"Well? Yes. I believe I am getting stout,  
if you call that looking well."

"Anything wrong, then?"

"Everything's wrong, Tom; I give you my  
word I'm the most miserable beggar on earth.  
I wish I were that crossing-sweeper. I wish  
I were dead."

"Don't, Killarney. Don't give in like  
that," said his friend in a soothing tone.

"Her ladyship's out to-night, going to a big  
missionary meeting," said the peer, as a sud-  
den idea occurred to him. "Come and dine  
with me and I'll tell you all about it. She is  
going to stay with some of her friends—won't  
be back till to-morrow."

Tom accepted the invitation, and at 7:30 that  
evening he entered Lady Killarney's house in  
Park Lane. The dining-room, the dinner,  
the host, and the servants were alike solemn  
and dreary. Killarney, however, brightened  
up under the influence of a few glasses of old  
port, and when the servants had retired he  
began to relate his trials and grievances.

"The fact is, old man," said he, "I can't  
call my soul my own. You know I've no  
money. She holds the reins, and gives me a  
sovereign now and again, as if I were a  
school-boy."

"Good gracious!"

"I would have asked you to dine at the club  
instead of in this mausoleum of a place, but I  
haven't been able to pay my subscription. She  
has got to be very religious of late, and  
fills the house with low church parsons and  
dissenting ministers, and they go on in a way  
that's enough to drive a fellow mad. As for  
Sundays, they are too horrible to speak of.  
No dinner—only cold beef and tea, upon my  
sacred word of honor. No smoking allowed  
indoors—oh, it doesn't matter for to-night.  
The smell will be gone by to-morrow."

"Lady Killarney keeps a very good table,"  
said Sidecup, anxious to mention one allevi-  
ating circumstance.

"Ugh! Eating and drinking isn't every-  
thing. And within the last few weeks her  
ladyship has taken to you won't guess?—  
teetotalism! Isn't it awful?"

A look of pain and disgust overspread the  
Earl's still handsome face, and was reflected  
in that of his friend. "She gives away tracts,  
addresses meetings, and actually threatens to  
send all the wine to a hospital or pour it  
into the sink."

"She must be mad," muttered Tom.

"And that fellow," continued the Earl,  
nodding his head toward the butler's pantry,

"has private directions not to do what I tell  
him if it is against his mistress' orders."

"Monstrous! I wouldn't stand it, Killar-  
ney. I'd bolt."

"Bolt? Without a ten-pound note in the  
world? No; she has me tight enough," and the  
unhappy Earl groaned aloud.

At that moment the dining-room door was  
thrown wide open and a majestic figure,  
clothed in silk and fur, made its appearance.  
"Algernon!"

The fumes of the cigars almost choked her  
ladyship's utterance.

"This is disgraceful," said Lady Killarney,  
as she slowly advanced to the table. "Turn-  
ing my dining-room, the dining-room of a  
Christian woman, into a tap-room!"

"Pooh, my dear," said the nominal head  
of the establishment, determined to brave it  
out before his friend, "it's only a cigar. We  
wouldn't have smoked if I had known you  
would be home to-night. Let me introduce  
to you my old friend Sidecup—Mr. Sidecup,  
Lady Killarney."

"I shall speak with you to-morrow, Al-  
gernon. Good evening, sir," and Lady Killar-  
ney swept out of the room, ignoring alto-  
gether the attempted introduction, and  
addressing her last words to a vacant spot  
about six inches above Mr. Sidecup's head.

Honest Tom sat down with a shudder, and  
hardly dared to glance at the Earl for very  
pity. For some time he sat silent. Suddenly  
he started up, struck the table with his fist,  
upsetting as he did so his glass of claret, and  
seized his friend's hand.

"Killarney," he said solemnly, "I'll be your  
deliverer! I pledge myself to it. You shall  
be set free and be your own man once more!"

The Earl shook his head.

"I've no doubt you'll do your best; but—  
you don't know Lady Killarney."

"Never mind. I'll do it, on condition that  
for the next two months you follow all my  
directions. You promise that? Very good.  
In less than a fortnight you and I set out for  
Killarney."

A bright May morning makes even the  
Strand look cheerful; and on this beautiful  
forenoon that thoroughfare was even more  
crowded than usual, for the May meetings  
were in full swing. The entrance to Exeter  
Hall was blocked by a large crowd of well-  
dressed people—country parsons and their  
wives and daughters, wealthy retired trades-  
men, rich old ladies, and a sprinkling of good  
young men. It was the field-day of the  
United Kingdom Temperance Alliance; and  
the announcement that in addition to a fa-  
mous temperance jester and two colonial  
bishops, the meeting would be addressed by  
the Countess of Killarney, had attracted a  
great assemblage.

At the door of the hall were three or four  
young men who were busily engaged in dis-  
tributing leaflets among the people who  
entered the building; and the good folks not  
only accepted the little papers (as the fre-  
quenters of Exeter Hall invariably do on such  
occasions), but carried them inside, that they  
might look them over when comfortably  
seated. Among the arrivals was the Countess  
of Killarney. She, too, received a leaflet;  
she, too, carried it with her into the hall.

The cheers that greeted the Countess had  
hardly died away, when the illustrious con-  
vert to the temperance cause, taking her seat  
on the platform beside one of the bishops,  
glanced at the tastefully got up circular in her  
hand. It was not a new tract, nor a notice  
of a sermon, nor an advertisement of a chari-  
table society. It was headed with the Killar-  
ney arms, and ran thus:

**FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD!!**  
LORD KILLARNEY AND CO.  
ARE THE SOLE DISTILLERS AND PROPRIETORS  
OF THE

**KILLARNEY WHISKY.**  
Distilled from the Finest Barley and the Pure  
Waters of the Far-Famed Lakes of  
Killarney. It is Wholesome,  
Invigorating, Appetizing.

On the opposite side was a prospectus of  
the company, the chairman of the board of di-  
rectors being the Right Honorable the Earl of  
Killarney, C. B., and the vice-chairman  
Thomas Sidecup, esq.

The large and highly-respectable audience  
soon became aware that something was in the  
wind. The pale, green-tinted circulars could  
be seen passing from hand to hand in the  
crowded hall, accompanied by the lifting of  
eyebrows, the shaking of heads, the wagging  
of beards, in one corner a suppressed groan,  
in another an audible titter. For Lady Killar-  
ney to address the meeting under these  
circumstances was plainly impossible; she left  
the hall in a state of speechless indignation,  
while the colonial bishop, who had been offered  
to an honored and hitherto spotless name,  
"It was the first time the name of Killar-  
ney had ever thus been spoken of by the  
clergy, but the bishop was evidently thinking  
of the title as belonging to the lady rather  
than to her husband."

Lady Killarney reached Park Lane in a state  
of suppressed fury, and dispatched telegrams  
in all directions for her lord and master. Re-  
ceiving no answer to these messages, she  
sallied forth next morning for a certain lane  
in the Ward of Cheap, where the London  
office of Lord Killarney & Co. was situated,  
that she might confer with Mr. Thomas Side-  
cup, whom she rightly deemed to be the  
prime mover in this foul conspiracy.

She was received with all imaginable po-  
liteless, even with deference. She was  
not, of course, aware that her erring spouse  
was stationed in a large closet opening off  
Mr. Sidecup's room, in which the company  
washed its hands at the close of its day's  
labors.

Without deigning to utter a word in reply  
to Mr. Sidecup's greeting, the injured woman  
marched up to his table, placed the obnoxious  
circular on his desk, laid a manly forefinger  
on the paper, and looked the evil-doer in the  
face. He merely smiled in return.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" de-  
manded the woman in awe-inspiring tones.

"It means a little industrial enterprise,  
Lady Killarney; and I hope it will have the  
effect of affording work for some of your hus-  
band's tenants and profit for himself."

"Sir! Do you mean to tell me that this  
thing is true? That my husband has lent his  
name to a dirty trading company?" ("Pretty  
well this for the old bird enough," but I  
cannot believe that the Earl, my husband, is  
personally engaged in this unholy, this ac-  
cursed traffic. It cannot be. Mr. Sidecup, if  
that is your name, where is my husband?")

"In Dublin, I believe, Madam, trying to find  
customers for our Peak Reek brand, five years  
old, at two-and-nine—or else in Edinburgh  
(they drink a deal of good whisky there). At  
least, his lordship intended going North. I  
won't swear he has actually gone."

"Mr. Sidecup, this must be stopped," said  
her ladyship, firmly.

"I am afraid I hardly understand. What  
must be stopped?"

"Your ladyship will excuse me—James,"  
he said to a clerk who was pottering about  
the room, "leave those letter-books alone,  
retire, and close the door behind you. We  
must be careful, Lady Killarney. The use of—  
ahem! profane language is strictly forbidden  
in the office; and the example, your ladyship

understands, the example is most conta-  
gious."

"Sir!"

Even the hardened Thomas Sidecup quailed  
for a moment beneath that eye. For the first  
time he fairly realized the position of his  
friend, Lord Killarney.

"I said that accused traffic, sir—a traffic  
which ruins men, body and soul." (This time  
Mr. Sidecup let the word pass without remark.)  
"And I say it must be stopped. The company  
must be dissolved."

"What! dissolve Lord Killarney & Co.!  
the most flourishing concern in the market—  
shares rising every day—a fortune to be made  
in its—er—er—"

"If Lord Killarney had wanted money he  
could have come to me for it," said the lady  
loftily.

"Perhaps he didn't like to trouble your lady-  
ship; and, at any rate, that resource was  
denied to me," said old Tom with his sweetest  
smile.

"What do you want for your shares?" asked  
the Countess abruptly.

"Do you mean them all?"

"Every one."

"Forty thousand pounds," said Tom  
promptly.

"Forty thousand fiddlesticks!"

"Pardon me, Lady Killarney, I do not offer  
the shares to you. The company is a genuine,  
working concern, brewing its own whisky on  
your husband's estates in Ireland." (He did  
not think it worth while to mention that the  
"distilleries" consisted of three stills, two of  
them, until lately, illicit, the third merely find-  
ing employment for one man and a boy.) "We  
don't interfere with anybody; and we—"

"Didn't you interfere with my meeting yes-  
terday?" asked the Countess.

"I? How? What meeting? I'm afraid I  
hardly comprehend," said Mr. Sidecup.

"Well, never mind. But forty thousand  
pounds is out of the question. Seven thou-  
sand would be too much."

"Indeed, madam, you are mistaken," said  
Tom, earnestly.

"I will not submit to such robbery; I will  
consult my solicitor," said Lady Killarney,  
rising and shaking out her ample skirts as she  
spoke.

"Of course you can do that, Lady Killarney.  
I think you will find, however, that ever since  
the passing of the married women's property  
act, a husband is entitled to hold shares apart  
from his wife, exactly as if he were unmarried,"  
said Tom with perfect gravity.

"Then, sir, it is a most infamous law, and  
it ought to be altered at once."

Tom only bowed.

"I cannot endure that this should go on,"  
said the Countess, after a pause. The scandal  
of the inconsistency would be too notorious.  
No; my work would be spoiled. It would be  
said—Oh, good heaven! the world would say  
that my horses and carriages—the very drees  
on my back, were paid for out of the proceeds  
of this accursed, this abominable trade, all the  
time that I was denouncing it."

"I confess that people might, and probably  
would put some such construction upon the  
facts."

"That would be absolutely intolerable!"

Tom shook his head in melancholy fashion.  
"Can't you suggest something?" asked the  
Countess, after another pause.

"Well, if I might give a hint, I should say—  
come to terms with Lord Killarney. He is  
our largest shareholder—three thousand ten-  
pound shares."

"How much paid upon them?"

"Admirable woman?" murmured Tom Side-  
cup to himself. Then aloud: "All issued as  
fully paid up—the price of the land, the name  
(great thing that), the distilleries, the good  
will, and so on. I'll show you the deeds in a  
moment."

Lady Killarney inspected the deeds with  
the greatest care, and she was quite enough  
of a lawyer to know what they meant. They  
showed that in consideration of a sum of  
five thousand pounds in cash and thirty  
thousand pounds in three thousand shares  
of ten pounds each, he, the said grantor,  
did thereby grant, assign, and convey, all that,  
etc. Lady Killarney had a vague feeling  
that she was being swindled; but how she  
could not clearly see.

"If your ladyship would take my advice,"  
said Tom, when the deeds had been duly per-  
used, "I would not pay all that money down.  
Make an agreement to pay your husband an  
annuity—say fifteen hundred a year—in lieu  
of the money for the shares. Then it will be  
really taking money out of one pocket and  
putting it into the other."

Lady Killarney could not quite see things  
in that light; but she thought the idea of an  
annuity a decidedly good one. The other  
shareholders, Tom thought, could be bought  
up privately, one by one, after she had pos-  
sessed herself of Lord Killarney's interest in  
the undertaking.

"And remember, Lady Killarney, you must  
have it a condition of the bond upon which  
the annuity will be secured, that at no time and  
under no circumstances must your husband  
take part in the manufacture or sale of spirit-  
uous or malt liquors, or permit his name to  
be used by any person or any company manu-  
facturing or selling them, else the bond is to  
become void and annuity to cease."

Lady Killarney was reassured by this dis-  
interested advice, and after she and Mr. Sidecup  
had settled one or two other details of the  
scheme, she left the office in a comparatively  
calm frame of mind.

"Tom," said the Earl, emerging from the  
closet, "you have saved me!"

After a few more interviews between Lady  
Killarney and Sidecup—who actually began to  
be a bit of a favorite with her ladyship before  
the end of the negotiations—the matter was  
settled; the annuity deed, securing to the  
Earl twelve hundred a year for life, was duly  
signed, sealed, and delivered, and "Lord Kil-  
larney & Co., Limited," ceased to exist.

A week after his emancipation the Earl en-  
tertained his friend at Richmond, and pre-  
sented him with a gold cigar case "in token  
of the grateful friendship of Algernon Cyril,  
Earl of Killarney." Curiously enough, that  
very evening a large parcel was delivered at  
Sidecup's chambers, it contained an enormous  
time-piece, bearing an inscription:

"From Rebecca Anne, Countess of Killarney,  
in acknowledgement of the disinterested  
kindness of her friend, Thomas Sidecup, esq."

Tom promptly removed the inscription-bear-  
ing plate, and sent the thing to a pawnshop.

Mr. Sidecup had foreseen that the surest way  
of securing peace between the ill-matched pair  
was to render them independent of each other,  
and make no provision about separation. By  
degrees they learned to make allowances for  
each other's tastes, and Lord Killarney played  
the host for his wife's parsons and temperance  
orators, on the tacit understanding that for the  
autumn and winter months the house in York-  
shire would be kept up for his undisturbed oc-  
cupation. The Earl took his wife about to  
drawing-room meetings and "conferences,"  
and even consented once or twice to preside at  
these gatherings; while she tolerated the smell  
of cigars, and never inquired at what hour his  
lordship got home from his club. Altogether,  
there are many couples in England who do  
not get on together nearly as well as Lady Kil-  
larney and her husband.

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